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TO ARMS

BY

EDWARD ROBESON

TAYLOR





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TO ARMS

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EDWARD ROBESON
TAYLOR



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no. 1.

DEDICATED
WITH
REVERENCE AND DEVOTION
TO THE MEMORY
OF
GEORGE WASHINGTON

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TO ARMS

TO WASHINGTON

IMPERIAL WASHINGTON, we fain would praise
Thy constellated deeds in words of fire,
Until on wings as strong as our desire,
They sweep the empyréan's golden ways.
Detraction burns to ashes in the rays
Of thy great fame that mocks the poet's lyre,
While as the years recede from thee still higher
We see thy name magnificently blaze.

Like some vast monument whose radiant head
Aspires to the clouds, while round are spread,
As far as eye can reach, the untempled plain,
In eminence of isolation thou,
With none to share in thy eternal reign,
Thy country's seal forever on thy brow.

BALFOUR, JOFFRE AND VIVIANI

AT THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON, APRIL 30, 1917

Along the road that each recurring year
Sees thousands toiling to our country's shrine,
The startled eye beholds in stately line
These great of Britain and of France appear.
And as they draw in solemn hush anear
They voice their worshiping in words divine,
And to the sacred stone their wreaths resign,
While all Mount Vernon thrills to see and hear.

Then Washington in holy radiance seemed
A spirit form, the same as they had dreamed
When he was marching to eternal fame;
And from the silence deeply hallowed rise
The gladsome blessings of his great acclaim,
That leap with rapture through the wondering skies.

LLOYD GEORGE

O thou of fluent speech and shining deeds,
Of Wales the son who stars it as her best,
In this momentous time thou hast the crest
Attained where mastery in glory breeds.
In every outcry of thine empire's needs
Thou hast made strong thine arm and bared thy breast,
Nor let thy ceaseless vigil dare to rest
Mid turmoil's thunder or applause's meeds.

Thou hast in thee the prophet's heart of old
Who dost in words of flame sublimely bold
Forecast the dangers to thy country's weal;
And holdest so thy brother to thy heart
That in thy being's depths thou canst but feel
No safety lies where he plays not his part.

KITCHENER

As silent as the mountain soaring high,
As strong as any adamantine tower,
Kitchener stood out the symbol of a power
That blazoned in the world's admiring eye.
His country on his arm could but rely
In these portentous times that round her lower,
Till led by him the monumental hour
Should strike for Victory to light her sky.

O irony, that this great soul should be,
By such a sneaking devil of the sea,
Made to bow down its ever-conquering crest.
Or that old England's ocean be the one
To tear him rudely from her mothering breast
And quench forevermore that radiant sun.

LORD ROBERTS

DIED NOVEMBER 14, 1914—AGED 82

England was one with his o'ermastering soul;
He knew no service save to her alone,
Nor breathed a thought that was not hers to own,
As on he passed from goal to shining goal.
His life was lit with fire of battle's toll
Mid countless perils and in many a zone,
Till eagle-winged he reached the dazzling throne
Before whose feet the waves of glory roll.

And when war's thunderbolts raged round the world,
And at his country's heart their fury hurled,
While every moment held its anxious breath,
Eager as youth he dared the battle's flame,
And with the laurel of triumphant death
Passed to an immortality of fame.

FRANCE LA BELLE FRANCE

We need not tell thy sons to rise,
They have arisen in their might,
To see before their brightening eyes
The glorious triumph of the right.
Oh, gird their loins as ne'er before
Amid the battle's dreadful roar,
France, la belle France.

O country from whose breast have grown
The blooms whose breath is consecrate,
And where all things that man has known
Lie in thy lap supremely great,
To spring if need be on the foe
That fain would work thee horrent woe,
France, la belle France.

Thy waving banner stirs the blood,
And lifts us to our soul's desire.
For on our hearts there pours a flood
Of memories wakening every ire,
And in that flood we dare to see
Thy heaven-appointed victory,
France, la belle France.

Alsace, Lorraine, thy children dear,
That from thy side were ruthless torn,
Will be restored thee, never fear,
As bright as when they saw thy morn,
And in thy arms with deep caress
Will fall with blissful thankfulness,
France, la belle France.

Then strike as never once before
For France all rounded and complete,
No matter what the awful gore
That flows in rivers at thy feet;
If thou to this thy soul assign
Unclouded glories shall be thine,
France, la belle France.

Through all the centuries blood has flowed
In torrents from thy plenteous veins,
Yet ever onward has thy road
Pursued its way to noble gains,
Till thou dost stand upon a height
Ensphered in glory's radiant might,
France, la belle France.

O country of thy children's love,
O country that the world admires,
May all the powers that rule above
Grant thee the top of thy desires;
O country blest by every art,
O country of the unconquered heart,
France, la belle France.

Recited by Mme. Francis Carolan at the Fairmont Hotel, San Francisco, on the eleventh of December, 1915, and published in "L'Echo de l'Ouest" accompanied by a translation into French by M. Leon Tristan.

NEUTRALITY

Neutral? What is it to be neutral? 'Tis
To wear a mask as though it were indeed
The very color of your inmost soul;
It is to raise hypocrisy's foul self
Up to the radiant heights where Virtue sways
Her sceptre over uncorrupted hearts;
It is to feel emotion's billows rise
Until desire shall prompt them to o'erwhelm
The farthest shores of being, yet remain
As placid as a lake that loves the sun;
It is, when pruning-hooks are raging swords
That reap far-flaming fields of crimson grain
Where human blood, in rivers deepening flows;
Where bellowing thunder of tremendous guns
Betokens wreck of palaces and domes;

Where cities perish in engulfing flames,
Their people wanderers in a lifeless waste ;
Where anguish pierces every air that hears
The orphan's cry, or sees the widow weep,
Or notes the moan of torn and mangled men
That lie beyond the touch of loving hands,
To be unmoved as grinning idiots are ;
It is, when mighty empires shake the world
With countless legions of portentous war,
In struggling for a mastery deeply fraught
With consequences to remotest time,
To choke all utterance, and like slaves be dumb ;
It is when Liberty, to whom we owe
Our greatest fortunes even our very souls,
Without whose arm around us we would be
But abject thralls, with bellies to the ground,
Is gasping in the throes of death by him

Who lords it over millions in command
Of mighty, merciless machines of war,
That throb with power never known before,
To seal up every avenue of speech,
And we, God's creatures, well content to be
The fraud and mockery of our dearest selves,
The veriest pinchbecks of humanity.
If one have sympathy, that priceless jewel,
Let him with all the urging of his heart
Bestow it freely, whatsoe'er may threat,
Nor let the blessèd heavens themselves prevent
His rising to the level of a man.

WAITING

Yes, we have waited till the day has sped,
And on the earth seems settling black-browed night,
Till on our hearts has grown a poisonous blight,
More deadly far than has been sung or said.
Before our eyes Britain and France have bled,
Unto their utmost, consecrated mite,
While on great Belgium's and Serbia's plight
Hell's horrors to engorgement have been fed.

Oh, that Columbia, she of Freedom's mould,
Should with indifference such crimes behold,
And e'en does meekly take the Teuton's blow!
Awake, ye patriots, to the Eagle's scream,
Nor sleep again till your world-conquering foe
Sees fade forever his imperial dream.

THE LUSITANIA

I

A cultured tyrant sits upon a throne,
And says to men, "You shall not sail the seas
Except within the limits that I please,
And see that there you sail, and there alone."
A great ship dared to brave his lawless zone,
When he, whom Belgium's blood could not appease,
With his war engines struck her to the knees,
And down she sank with multitudinous groan.

Murder here loomed in all its fiendish pride,
With Piracy loud shouting by its side,
As unwarned hundreds drank of sudden death.
Is there some lightning left in all the sky!
Then let it come and with its fiery breath
Blast these unnatural monsters low and high.

Originally published in the San Francisco "Bulletin."

THE LUSITANIA

II

[CAPT. PERSIUS, NAVAL EXPERT OF THE "BERLINER TAGEBLATT," says: "*Time will pass, and the opportunity will be given for sober consideration of the Lusitanian case. The cries of horror over American women and children will die down, and I hope the views of peaceful neutral persons will gain the upper hand.*"]

Oh, nurture not the thought within your breast,
That Time's restoring waves will wash away
The Lusitania's horrors from that day
When ocean gasped as murder reached its crest—
Murder more foul than earth had yet possessed,
When home-bound mothers with their babes at play,
And sturdy men, to their appalled dismay,
Unwarned and helpless, died at its behest.

In truth Time has been overkind to men
In breeding of forgetfulness, but then
Some compensation stood by death's dread side;
But here is murder as unique as great,
Colossal in its infamy of pride,
That shall out-tongue the very voice of fate.

ON READING THE REPLY OF THE
ENTENTE ALLIES TO PRESIDENT
WILSON'S NOTE

Up from the mangled earth your voices soar
To sweep in majesty along the skies,
Where throbbing hearts and soul-rejoicing eyes
Eternal Justice and her kin adore.
You stand for Europe and the heaping store
Her future holds as man's supremest prize,
And now to yield would break your heavenly ties
To bind you fast to all that you deplore.

Hell's hate has been let loose by those who know
The dreadful depths of war's tremendous woe,
And yet who call on God their shame to share.
The time is now this devil's rage to still,
Then be you firm so that no more you bear
The griefs and torments of this boundless ill.

TO ARMS!

It is your country's voice that calls
 In purest cause avowed,
And through the quickening air it falls
 Like thunder from the cloud ;
Arise! Its rousing summons heed.
 Your banner streams on high,
Then drink the patriot wine of need,
 And dare to do or die.

O War, as horrid as thou art,
 And, as a devil dread,
We hold thee now upon our heart,
 And stroke thy gory head ;
For thou to us alone can give
 The strength we greatly need
In honor and in right to live,
 No matter who may bleed.

Thou art indeed a dreadful thing,
Yet not the worst of ills,
For to thy sanguined skirts may cling
The force of righteous wills.
So now along the lambent sky
Our country's torchlight flames,
While blent with her tremendous cry
Are her immortal names.

The eagle rouses from his sleep,
He plumes his mighty wing,
And o'er the land delights to sweep,
His challenge proud to fling;
The ocean breezes swell his breast
As he sublimely soars,
To bid us sail with freedom blest,
Its sounding, sovereign shores.

He leaves his mountain crest behind,
 We thrill to watch his flight,
For he to sunlit regions signed
 Has burst the chains of night.
Then leave your peaceful, cloistered ways,
 Step to your country's time,
And on your souls forever blaze
 The things that are sublime.

Originally published in the San Francisco "Chronicle."

A HYMN

God of our fathers, keep us true ;
Ne'er let our thirst for newer goals
Tempt us to palter with our souls,
Or to unholy angels sue.

Oh, may we study to be just ;
Let not the spotless, hallowed Right
Sink in the mire of bestial might,
Or conquest yield to brutal lust.

Lift us above our daily selves,
Where sordid nothings rankly grow,
To heights where heartening breezes blow,
And Heroism deeply delves.

With mighty majesty of word
Our Chief has shaken every throne,
Oh, grant we make that word our own,
And be by its deep music stirred.

God of our fathers, we implore
In this great time thy sovereign aid ;
Grant that the glorious part we played
In other times we play once more.

Columbia stands before the world
In splendor garmented and fair,
An outspread eagle in her hair
And in her hand our flag unfurled.

Impassioned loftiness is hers,
Her limbs are eager for the fray!
She treads with pride the lordly way
Whereon she leads her ministers.

Be with her to the joyful close
That but awaits the wondrous time,
When Peace, anointed and sublime,
On man bestows a long repose.

Originally published in the San Francisco "Chronicle."

AMERICA AND FRANCE

In memory-crowded, anxious times like these
Now swim before the mind the arduous days
When youthful LaFayette in glory's blaze
The friends of Liberty aspired to please;
When he and Rochambeau from over-seas
With Washington embraced the starry ways
That led to Yorktown and immortal praise,
And filled with consecration every breeze.

And now when Liberty once more cries out
Amid the dreadful din and battle shout,
The spirits of these great ones thrill the air,
To stir our souls with ichors all divine,
That kill the poisonous vapors of despair,
And round the heart hope's laurel leaves entwine.

AT LIÉGE

We stand upon a spot by glory crowned
With hues as bright as Fame has ever brought
From out the dazzling deeps, and finely wrought
Till blazed with those eternally renowned.
Here heroisms cry from out the ground
Beyond all measurement of speech or thought,
And heroes here to life's last issue fought,
So that their country be to honor bound.

Against her rose the legioned hosts of Might,
While she, serenely throned upon the Right,
Fell but to rise with triumph at her side;
And like her forbears in the times gone by
She sees with just magnificence of pride
New radiance added to her brilliant sky.

TO RHEIMS CATHEDRAL

The centuried years had clustered on thy head,
The deathless Maid had claimed thee as her own,
And chaste as seraph's dreams thou stood'st alone
To proud magnificence of glory wed.
Thy matchless windows heaven's pure radiance shed,
While at thy portal Beauty throbbed in stone;
Here kings were fitly crowned; and from thy throne
Peace, blessèd Peace, her golden doctrine spread.

And now behold the ruin that thou art:
From out thy breast they've torn the very heart,
These vandal ones that serve in War's dread train.
O woeful wreck! eternal shalt thou be,
For all that man can brew in his vast brain
Can never part stern memory from thee.

THE SILENCE OF LOUVAIN

Louvain in ghastly silence broods as though
Sound nevermore would play upon her ear,
For war's most foul, perverted torch has here
Lighted the depths of infamy and woe.
Her deepest note is where art's ruins grow,
Where her cathedral bells no longer cheer,
Where learning's halls, that ne'er had felt a fear,
Defiled with ash and wreck, lie lone and low.

She may be silent in her body's length,
But in her soul's she leaps with newer strength
To all the heights a people dare to know;
And there she stands a symbol of war's worst,
Where History shall, of her relentless foe,
Proclaim he made this hallowed spot accursed.

BELGIUM

I

O Belgium, now discrowned and battle-rent,
Thy children famished or in panic fled,
Thy streets acquaint with ashes and the dead,
Thy storied piles in ruin's ravishment;
Where war's worst horrors camp impenitent,
Till all the angels on thy naked head
Oceans of heaven-bestowing tears have shed,
While Pity's voices to the skies lament.

Yet such a glorious figure dost thou seem
Thou art beyond the Poet's word or dream—
A thing ineffably divine and fair;
And for thy King, so grandly great he looms,
That where he stands exalting is the air,
And every virtue in its glory blooms.

BELGIUM

II

The deadliest ones that Satan ever trained
To work their terrors on a prostrate land
Have been let loose on thee, O Belgium, grand
In all the abysmal woes thou hast attained ;
And grand in heroisms so ingrained
In thy rich fibre, that their gold shall stand
Beyond the ages, nor be ever banned
Till universal earth with crime be stained.

Tears cannot mitigate thy starless gloom
Though they submerge the horrors of thy doom,
While sympathy in hopelessness expires.
Ye heavenly Powers, in your resistless might
Invent some punishment of subtlest iles
For these unnatural monsters of the Night.

BELGIUM

III

Like some enormous beast of shape possessed
Beyond imagination to portray,
Which loves to gorge on every kind of prey
With most inordinate, insatiate zest,
He sprawls his awful bulk across her breast,
And feeds upon her substance all the day
That sees from pitying skies no soothing ray,
Nor one who can the dreadful feast arrest.

What things have fed this monster: Slavery's chains,
Murders and thefts, God's hallowed, beauteous fanes,
Fierce, gnawing hunger eased by alien bread,
A devastation only fiends would make,
Oppressive impositions breathing dread,
While all her body's blood is his to take.

BELGIUM

IV

We often wonder how such things can be :
The skies o'er Belgium were serenely blue,
Her wheels of industry ran swift and true,
And it was pledged her that she should be free ;
Still by the despot's violate decree,
Her gates were shattered and his millions through
Their portals poured, a scourging way to hew
Across her outraged bosom to the sea.

Then followed frightfulness that all the world
But knows too well and in his face has hurled
Until he stands of Kings the crowning shame ;
And all the partial histories of his own
Can only add to his immortal fame
As one who stood in obloquy alone.

SERBIA

O Serbia, the world for thee complains,
Except the two that opened horror's mine,
And yet its copious tears have borne no sign
Of mitigation that would melt thy chains.
The war-lords would not hear thy abject strains,
Nor would they bend to any plea of thine,
But with deliberation's deep design
They overwhelmed thee with their warring trains.

And now from out thy miserable woes
Thou wonderest if thy world-ensanguined foes
Will ever yield thy devastated breast;
Ah yes, thy eagles from their mountain height
Behold Columbia's sons with blazoned crest
March on by Liberty's celestial light.

FRANCE

INSCRIBED TO J. J. JUSSEKAND

I

Ye spirits of our fathers, who of old
Loved France with love that thrills us evermore,
Oh, be with her in this her trial sore,
Until her skies in purple lie and gold;
Till her great flag amid the stars enrolled,
Incarnadined anew, learns victory's lore,
And till from out the agony and gore
Her ravished provinces her arms enfold.

Be with her sons when Battle madly soars
As when defeat's blood on the ground it pours,
And with them dream of glories yet to be.
Burn in their souls what she has been to you;
With vision glorified her beauty see,
And with her blood and tears their hearts imbue.

FRANCE

II

O deathless France, what radiant names are thine—
So radiant ever that they can but be
The star-crowned ones who by supreme decree
Forever march beneath Fame's gloried sign.
On some, great Art has set her seal divine,
Science has myriads crowned in high degree,
While in the train far reaching we can see
Children flame-souled of the eternal Nine.

Thy breast is as a garden where there spring
All creatures of the ground with those that wing
In airy rapture through the spacious skies;
And may all spirits of the earth and air
Help build a cordon round thee which shall rise
Above the direst hates thy foes can dare.

FRANCE

III

The Muses all have crowned thee, glorious one,
With gorgeous diadems that never fade,
Until thy words and deeds by fame arrayed
Would dare to pale the brilliance of the sun.
Devotion's gold in molten stream has run
Through thy fond children's veins till they have laid
On thee such sacrificial bloom and blade,
That greater consecration there is none.

With what thou art and what thy children are,
And lumined by the beams of every star,
While Fortune kisses thee on lip and cheek,
O shalt thou not thy dangers grandly breast,
And on thy foes thy just revenges wreak,
Till wrapped in peace thou take thy years of rest.

FRANCE

IV

If all the winds upon the earth that fly
Could be commanded by this will of mine,
Thy utmost heart's desires to thee and thine
Would then be swept in glorious triumph high.
If all good wishes that so futile cry
Could be arrayed 'neath thy embattled sign,
Thy soul refreshed as by celestial wine
On Victory's breast in ecstasy would lie.

O France, my love for thee runs brimming o'er
My eager cup of life until no more
Can feeling strike one pulse-beat that is higher.
My prayers go up for thee these doubtful days
As on the wings of some exhaustless fire
That bears the fragrant roses of my praise.

FRANCE

V

'Tis not alone thy monuments so great,
Nor statues fair that jewel all the land,
Nor pictures done by the immortal hand,
Till Art is thine as by decreeing fate;
Nor buildings which all sense of beauty sate,
Nor thy blest country, beautiful as grand,
Producing riches by thy loved command
Which fall in surplus at thy every gate;

No, these are not what bind my heart to thee,
But thine own sons, heroic, learnèd, free,
All unexhaustless, liberal-hearted, true;
And can such men be less than mightful now,
When Fortune holds the brightest to their view,
And yearns with fadeless bay to deck their brow?

FRANCE

VI

Women of France, O ever-glorious band!
The mothers of these unexampled sons,
In you the Revolution's life-blood runs
To meet in crucifixion each demand.
Devoted evermore, ye are the grand,
Immortal progeny of noble ones,
Who blench not at the dreadful roar of guns,
Nor gaze with fear upon their ash-strewn land.

What inspiration marked your splendid mien,
When war enveloped all the lurid scene,
And millions sprang at France's call to die!
Like some majestic figure, silent, lone,
And tearless, towering infinitely high,
We saw you then as Victory's very own.

FRANCE

VII

That war is hell we often have been told,
Nor can we blink the truth of this worn phrase,
And in these bosom-rending, awful days
The deeps of hell our eyes will sure behold ;
But be its waves the highest ever rolled,
Thy sons in undismay will meet their gaze,
And plunging to their deepest depths will raise
A victory for thy heart of heart to hold.

And in their arms aloft they'll proudly bear
Lorraine and Alsace, saved from all despair,
Still loved the more for what they have endured ;
And rest they'll bring thee, rest for many years ;
Mankind of war will then be nobly cured,
And thou shalt have thy peace bereft of fears.

FRANCE

VIII

O France who walkest in these clouds of night
As one unfearing all the hells of hate,
Sublimely poised, and led by certain fate
Along the pathway of eternal Right;
The Ages look on thee with wondering sight,
For thou art so imperishably great,
Thou dost for all the eager world create
Still newer creatures in the Realms of Light.

Thy wounded monuments cry out with pain,
Thy murdered homes to heaven's high court complain
Yet on these wrecks thy noble courage feeds;
Which now companioned by immortal things
Will bear aloft thy soul's aspiring needs
On mighty, unimaginable wings.

*Originally published at San Francisco in "L'Echo de l'Ouest,"
accompanied by translation into French by M. Leon Tristan.*

FRANCE

IX

Upborne within the providential arms
Of gloried destiny, thou sweep'st along,
The seat of Art, of Letters and of Song,
And bright with radiance of a million charms.
The years have torn thee with unnumbered harms,
Drawing thy blood in torrents deep and strong,
While crimsoned terrors, throng on crowded throng,
Have fed to gorging all thy wild alarms.

Yet purged and strengthened on thy fortun'd throne
Thou art indeed a creature of God's own,
Magnificent, eternally sublime ;
Exemplar of the noblest man has known,
In every age and every wondrous time
The Nations reaping what thy hand had sown.

FRANCE

X

In these great days thou treadest out the grain
That man for his emancipation needs,
And which despite earth's selfish, sordid greeds
Will ripen in thy fields of laboring pain.
Thy glorious Revolution does not wane,
But with new hope and aspiration feeds
The hearts and souls of men, until their creeds
Shall catch renascent life-blood from thy reign.

I see thee standing like some radiant form
In dawn's first glimmer, and around thee swarm
Innumerable figures most divine;
Great lakes of cleansing blood are at thy feet,
And on their surface wraiths incessant shine
Of men whose souls can never know defeat.

VERDUN

Thou art, Verdun, one of the names that blaze
Upon thy country's consecrated roll
As one who looked into thy deep-set soul,
And at its mandate soared above all praise.
Thy frenzied foe assailed thy gates in ways
Bespeaking desperation's maddening goal,
Thy walls were crushed till scarcely one stood whole,
And till War gorged on blood to his amaze.

But France was ever by thy radiant side,
And thou at last with heaven-approving pride
Greeted the world in victory supreme.
O'er thy dead ones we breathe no single sigh,
For these are ambered in our fairest dream,
And in the heart of time all freshly lie.

THE FLAGS OF VERDUN

We kneel before you, Flags of battle's ire,
In adoration more than love can know,
For you in victory soared above the foe
When he had deemed you bent to his desire.
Glory ne'er shone in such complete attire,
Nor gave the air it blest such radiant glow,
As you that float on triumph's breath to show
Your country's inextinguishable fire.

France folds you tenderly upon her breast,
And there, with fondest consecration blest,
You shall repose for time's unending years;
Nor does War's devastation scourge this plain,
But countless blossoms, fed by blood and tears,
In beauty's youth immortally here reign.

JOAN OF ARC

Thou angel creature of heroic mould,
Who liv'st within the light of fame's desire,
Apollo should have had thee for his lyre,
And sang of thee as nature's living gold.
Upon thy country's page thou art enscrolled
As sole rekindler of its dying fire,
The inspiration of its noblest ire,
Still loftier than the best of thee yet told.

Mysterious voices from the depths were thine,
Which were in truth as messages divine,
For all great souls lie close to marvellous things.
And now once more, with thy inviolate sign,
Thou leadest France where Battle spreads his wings,
And where the stars of Right resplendent shine.

EDITH CAVELL

When shielding midnight saw the awful deed
That shrank before the sun's accusing ray,
The Kaiser, all humaneness to betray,
Made this deep-souled one murderously bleed.
But from her sanguined form the golden seed
Of dauntless heroism flowers for aye,
And consecration in eternal day
Proclaims the fact of her inviolate breed.

A special horror seizes on our hearts
When monstrous War, with its hell-breathing arts,
Could so pollute the blessed midnight hour;
When cradling dreams rock children in their arms,
And nurses such as she, with soothing power,
The mangled sufferer leads from pain's alarms.

THE ENEMY

I

We tread the darksome, pandemonic way
Mid war's unspeakable, abysmal fire,
Where the mad horrors of his heart's desire
Have made all things his unrelenting prey.
Peace stands aghast at his untold array,
His countless slain, his desolations dire,
Until it seems as though she might expire
Amid the ruins of the world's decay.

This beast the Teuton reared with subtle skill,
And loosed him only when his strength to kill
Was deemed sufficient for his ravenous maw;
His appetite is great as that of Rome;
For it he makes a laughing mock of law,
And murders even in the heart of home.

THE ENEMY

II

The little children laughing in his eyes
With barbarous fiendishness he joys to slay,
The Son is borne in slavery far away
From his fond mother's lamentable cries;
The fanes that gloried the adoring skies
And in the arms of speechless beauty lay,
In rapine's sport, to crown a murderous day,
He gives to ruin as his dearest prize.

He strides the earth with such death-dealing gloom
As threats to make it one stupendous tomb
Wherein all liberty shall sink from view.
He towers the awful menace of mankind,
And leads his merciless, dynastic crew
To noisome depths that only devils can find.

THE ANARCHIST

A human being is this one to sight,
But only so in outer shape is he,
For in his soul a ravening beast we see,
Who gorges on the poisonous husks of night.
The Law that binds all written forms of right,
To bid society live safe and free,
He reckless rends with traitorous, mocking glee,
While murder stirs him to his chief delight.

This monstrous one has fed on maddening dreams
Till fancied wrong through all his being streams
And makes him unrelated to the world.
Excuse for him compassion dares not show;
Then to perdition's deeps let him be hurled
As man's accursèd, most infernal foe.

THE BOMB

IN A RAID ON LONDON BY GERMAN AEROPLANES JUNE 13,
1917, 26 CHILDREN WERE KILLED AND 94 WOUNDED, THE
TOTAL NUMBER OF CASUALTIES BEING 534

No lightning stroke from the impartial skies
Mangled and slew these little children here,
Nor earthquake shock in its ill-starred career
Of falling towers and agonizing cries;
But that arch criminal who snugly lies
In Satan's arms, and from that couch of cheer
Sends out his wingèd messengers of fear
To slaughter innocence before his eyes.

These harmless ones like birds were wrapped in play,
When unsuspecting, to their dire dismay,
His bombs fell on them from the tranquil air.
In war's dread annals shall he stand accursed,
While in the hoary book of hell's despair
His blood-writ name eternally stands first.

WAR'S TIME

This is War's time, and he must have his way;
Let not the unpatriot raise his doubtful cries,
Nor fearsome pacifist philosophize,
For War can brook no hindrance to his sway.
This dreadful, dreaded chief we must obey;
He sounds his clarion from approving skies
And all our foes in confidence defies,
Till every voice should hearten his array.

Renounce all dreaming of seductive peace,
And every energy and thought release
In saving man from miseries yet untold.
'Tis War alone that now can feed our souls,
And so we must, in his great cause enrolled,
March to the conquest of supremest goals.

CONSUMMATION

England and France, implacable as foes,
On many a field have desperately striven,
But now with brother's love divinely given
They join their lives against tremendous woes;
And as America superbly shows
Her bannered glory in the face of heaven,
Entwined with theirs long bared to battle's levin,
Our yearned-for victory to surety grows—

A victory bringing peace whose righteous will
Shall end forevermore the teuton ill,
To give mankind a hope-begotten day;
And one that they whose watchful spirits lean
From out Elysium's battlements would say
Is clothed with justice and with cheer serene.

TO ITALY

O Italy, thine are the treasured years,
And thine the deeds that blazon every time,
Twinned with the Muses deathlessly sublime,
Upborne on music of the heavenly spheres.
Thou hast beat off untrembling all the fears
That shook thy soul at base betrayal's crime,
Till Hope has given thee in joy to climb
The peaks where glory charioteers.

The Adriatic as thine own loved sea
In all the blessed years to come shall be,
Its children folded on thy dauntless breast.
Oh, blood will come, and thou shalt suffer sore,
But at the end thy heart shall have its rest,
And Liberty be thine forevermore.

RUSSIA

O Liberty! Thou being most divine,
Wrought from the tissue of the starry skies,
The jewel in the heart that deepest lies,
The last thing man would willingly resign.
Through all the ages what ensanguined sign
Has marked the tyrant's course in every guise;
What souls have seen their bonds resistless rise,
What souls have sunk in agony to pine!

Now Russia, with a Titan's glorious might
Has rived her fetters, and emerged from night
Stands in God's sunlight disenthralled and free;
Then blow your golden trumpets loud and long
As we her radiant birth in wonder see,
And raptured hear her consecrated song.

Originally published in the San Francisco "Chronicle."

FUNSTON

Ah, lay the flag upon his breast,
And place him in the sorrowing earth;
Give now this soldier honored rest
This soldier of transcendent worth.

His country owned his utmost soul;
'Twas his for her to do and dare;
She was to him the only goal,
She was to him the fairest fair.

When he was born the Eagle smiled,
Foreknowing well his starred career,
Assured that as her own true child
He'd carve his way without a peer.

And so the thickening laurel grew
Upon his brow all lustrous bright,
Where modesty had ample due
Along with consciousness of right; .

Along with manhood's strength and grace
That could to smallness ne'er descend,
But rose majestic to embrace
Whatever fortune fate might send;

Along with virtues that endear
His memory to the patriot heart,
Where now beside his gloried bier
The tears of all the country start.

When earthquake's wrath with raging fire
Combined to lay our city low,
And she in elemental ire
Seemed destined to heart-withering woe;

'Twas Funston's mastery then that quelled
Disorder in its lawless way,
And horror's frightful fears dispelled
Till shone in peace another day;

So she beside his bier now weeps
The tears that from her bosom well,
And lays there from her garden deeps
The laurel and the asphodel.



FRANCE TO AMERICA
ON THE OCCASION OF AMERICA JOINING THE
ENTENTE ALLIES IN THE WAR

I

Hail, America, hail, land of the noble free,
And Liberty's resplendent morning star,
Since thou and I, thy partner France, in far,
Imperial times were joined on land and sea,
The years have gathered in their sweeping arms
The strangest things that ever froze the sight,
Or, fed upon the bane of wild alarms,
Have sought the soulless regions of the night;
Yet at the last they found the blessed good,
And set man's feet upon the righteous way,
Where thou and I on victory's summit stood,
And saw the glorious grandeur of a day
When Liberty sat crowned amid her deathless brood.

II

America is with us, this alone
Bestows a hope that banishes all glooms
Till every future in the sunlight looms,
And seems in truth to be our hallowed own ;
Alsace, Lorraine, that in the teuton chain
Have writhed for grievous years, already feel
The bliss of freedom swell in every vein,
And to their France the deepest homage seal.
Oh, blest beyond believing was the air
That felt our flags, commingling into one,
Kiss the fond breezes, and rejoicing bare
Their consecrated bosoms to the sun
That seemed a new-born brilliance mocking at despair.

III

Thou comest to us as a great ally
Clothed in the splendor of thy stern array,
And makest such a wonder of the day
As never yet was seen beneath the sky :
O'er London's towers thy jeweled emblem floats
As though it were St. George's very own,
In laud of thee from congregated throats
The anthem soars in presence of the throne ;
While thy great President's illustrious name
Is swiftly borne upon the wings of praise,
Until the glories of his added fame
Throughout the world unconquerably blaze
In one inviolate, imperishable flame.

IV

O Liberty, thou art of all the names
That hang in golden accents on the tongue,
Or ever was in temple said or sung,
The one that in the soul forever flames;
What is it to be free? It is God's air
To breathe deep-lunged and know it all your own;
To have a master other than despair;
To reap where you in toilsome sweat have sown;
To feel no stinging whip nor prodding goad;
Some leisure hours to own wherein you may
Ease life of its intolerable load;
To write, and speak, and print, without a nay
From Kaiser, King or Czar, or word-encrusted Code.

For this we fight, for this our banners blaze;
For this they twine in fold on flaming fold;
For this they wave in glory uncontrolled
Save by aspiring hopes' victorious days;
For this my brave ones drove the haughty foe
Away from Paris's endangered gates;
For this before Verdun they dealt the blow
That still throughout the world reverberates;
For this thou gavest us thy timely aid
Upon the land and on the billowy sea;
For this Democracy has ever prayed.
Oh, let it come; let peoples all be free,
And man erect and strong be never more afraid.

*Read on July 14, 1917, at the French celebration of the fall
of the Bastille.*

VICTURI SALUTAMUS

JUNE 5, 1917

Ah no, not we who are about to die,
But we who are about to live, are they
That offer thee salute: we were but clay
Whom sordid selfishness had emptied dry.
Now we behold fresh splendors in the sky:
On this our country's consecrated day
Death's banner breeds no feeling of dismay
With Life's abounding joy in fullness nigh.

Our blood runs swiftly through its forceful veins
At thought of riving soul-destroying chains,
As soars aloft Hope's heart-enthraling song.
O friends across the still tormented sea,
We come, our country's messengers, along
The golden ways of star-crowned Liberty.

Originally published in the San Francisco "Chronicle."

THE RED CROSS

At last the long-drawn, dreadful fight is o'er;
These horror-breeding dead all peaceful lie,
Unfelt the rain from out an angry sky,
Which cleanses faces that can smile no more.
Now hushed the combat's oath, the deafening roar,
But hear the agonizing groan and sigh,
The shriek, the wail, the multitudinous cry,
Of mangled thousands deep in dirt and gore.

Yet Mercy treads on battle's bloody heels,
And here the glory of her soul reveals
In ministration of her blessed rites;
No one escapes her searching, tender care,
And angels follow her as she incites
The most despondent never to despair.

THE CALL

To knowledge does he bend his willing knee
That grows from what his laboring years have sown,
And now alluringness could ne'er be shown
More brightly than his future dares decree.
Ambitions satisfied he joys to see,
Applause of men that he would gladly own,
His State to serve, or some great cause enthroned
Where it shall feed on immortality.

But when he lifts his partly blinded eyes,
And sees the flag afloat upon the skies—
His country's flag, the jewel of the world,
His vision opens at the magic sight,
And everything to nothingness is whirled
Except the thought that he has found the Right.

THE FLAG

Blest emblem of the mighty free,
Undaunted, stainless shalt thou be
As long as Liberty shall own
Our homage and our souls alone.

Oh, be it thus forevermore,
Make it our still increasing store,
Till in the utmost night of time
Men treasure nothing more sublime.



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